PR
5193
Q38m
1825

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

MY LEISURE HOURS,

OR

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

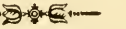
BY

J. QUESTED,

Willesborough.

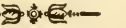
"My timorous muse
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry."
COWLEY.

"The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim."
BEATTIE.



SECOND EDITION,

Revised, Corrected, and considerably Enlarged.



CANTERBURY:

PRINTED BY G. WOOD, (HERALD OFFICE,) HIGH STREET.

1825.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/myleisurehoursor00ques

PR
5193
Q38m
1825

PREFACE.

"I hate Prefaces, I never read them."

ERGO,

Ought I to write them?

865173

THE BATTLE OF CRESCY.[a]

This was the day when England's gallant hosts,
Aspiring high to honour's envied posts,
In bands of union met on Crescy's plain,
There for their lov'd, their honour'd King to gain,
By martial deeds, by glory's fair renown,
The much disputed Gallia's envied crown.
They met in all the pomp of war's array,
High beat each breast, impatient for the fray:
With vivid fire each warlike eye appear'd,
And every soldier hop'd—yet still he fear'd!
Should Albion lose the cause she sought to win,
Sorrow would then in Britain's Isle begin;
Faction would seek t' exert its noxious sway,
And with its poison blast the op'ning day.

Thus to avoid this dire, impending blow,
Each warrior bade his fellow's courage glow,
Each to his friend in arms, with valour said,
"For Kings less lov'd, have Britons often bled,"
Thus rank to rank with glory felt inspir'd,
And martial courage ev'ry bosom fir'd.
Edward, their chief—their KING, and say what name,
Can more the love of British soldiers claim?
The very sound of KING respect imparts,
With ardour fills their patriotic hearts.
And when that KING is at the battle too,
His voice to raise—his hand to guide them through
The scene of strife,—aye, then it is they feel
A valour, bord'ring on a frenzied zeal;
Then can they wield their arms and strike the blow,
Inflicting death on him, their sov'reign's foe.
This Edward knew, nor left a means untried
To rouse that spirit, never yet denied
To Britons to belong! O well tis known,
It is a claim that Britons call their own:
Let friends, let foes, nay let the utmost bounds,
Of earth, wherever yet their cannon's sounds,

Or archer's barbed dart—or swordsman's blade
Or where their mines were dug—or trains were laid,—
Where these were heard or felt—come forth and say
" England is brave," this right the world shall pay.
There as he rode through all th' heroic corps,
And now at once inspires and then implores,
He felt he'd nought to fear, for well he knew,
That British soldiers would *their duty do.*
His valiant son in sable armour cas'd,[b]
Though young, had still his father's cause embrac'd,
Scarce fifteen suns had yet his bosom warm'd,[c]
Scarce yet from boyish days to manhood form'd,
Yet even then his breast with ardour burn'd,
And even then, he youthful follies spurn'd.
Noble in stature, noble too in mind,
With honour sought to act the part assign'd.
High in his father's confidence he stood,
Who knew the boy was gen'rous, brave, and good;
He felt within himself new vigour rise,
Nor could he from the ranks his thoughts disguise,—
" Britons, essay to emulate my son,"
Twas thus he spoke, " our vict'ry then is won!"

Loud were the heart-felt shouts each soldier gave,
Such shouts declar'd, they knew their prince was brave;
"Enough!" cried Edward, "to me is given,
"Your aid—oh, grant me thine, Almighty Heav'n."
The sun had scarce his high meridian past,[d]
Ere yet his glorious light became o'ercast
With watery clouds whose blackening look,
Th' approach of death's tyrannic sway bespoke.
Foreboding ill, the baleful ravens flew
Hov'ring around the hosts as though they knew
By some instinctive pow'r that Cresey's plain
That day'd be wash'd by blood of thousands slain.
Still in the sheath the sharpen'd sword is clos'd,
Nor yet, nor yet, is man to man oppos'd:
But now arise! the awful moment comes,
High sounds the bugle, loud the deaf'ning drums,
Th' avengful hour of hidden fate proclaim,
And call each warrior to the path of Fame.
Shrill as the trumpet sounds through ev'ry ear
Its pow'r is felt,— its notes so shrill and clear
Resound, enliven, animate each wing
Responsive echo cries, "For England's king."

Swift through the air the winged arrows fly,
And doom the bravest of the brave to die;
By them the skilful swordsman equal falls,
As he whom treach'rous cowardice appals.
And hark! what peals are those which shake the skies,
Filling the ranks with terror and surprise;
Unknown to Gallia were such sounds before,[e]
To them unheard the dreadful cannon's roar.
Thus did the fight begin,—impatient stood,
Thousands t' imbrue their hands in human blood;
Heav'ns, what an onset! furious rush'd each foe,
And hurl'd with deadly feud the fatal blow,—
On! on! each cried, and now the crimson blood,
In copious streams, came pouring as a flood.
There great Bohemia's King, though old and blind,[f]
To fate rush'd on, and was to fate resign'd;
True Patriot he! he sought his country's weal,
Nor stopp'd his progress 'gainst th' avenging steel;
Though clos'd by years of age his orbs of light,
Still by his presence did he seek t' excite
A flame of glory in the soldiers' heart,
Nor fail'd such greatness glory to impart.

His prancing steed inept himself to guide,
The reins to those of two, his friends, were tied;
Theirs was the fate to lead the Monarch on—
How short the course—too soon the glass was run!
For when the shout "to charge," was made—the grave
Wide open yawn'd, his body to receive!
"Charge! charge!" 'twas said, and bounding on the foe
The trio rush'd, and with them boldly go
The vet'ran hearts Bohemia's sceptre sway'd,
'Twas freedom call'd,—and courage was their aid.
"Soldiers!" he said, 'twas with his latest breath,
A fatal shaft resign'd his soul to death.
O Glorious Chief, thy very name I bless,
Though England's foe, I love thee not the less.
Thy val'rous fate from Britons claims a sigh,
Thy name shall ne'er in hist'ry's annals die.—
Now, now the son of England's conq'ring King
Flies unappall'd and rouses ev'ry wing,
"Fight! Britons, fight!" he cries, "your country calls
He dies a Hero who in battle falls!"
Foremost in the embattl'd host he trod,
And seem'd to emulate the warriors' God.

Deeds of renown, immortal he achiev'd,
And now he slew, and now th' oppress'd reliev'd:
'Till Warwick's Earl who lov'd the God-like youth,
Inform'd his sire of the glorious truth,
That where the greatest danger was, he sought,
And where the thickest of the foe, he fought.
"Thank heav'n!" said Edward, "since I have a son,
Will do the deeds by Princes should be done;
Go Warwick then, and from his Father say,
His be the honour of this matchless day.—
Tell him he fights in his lov'd country's cause,
His country's King,—his country—and her laws!
Return, return! haste Warwick, speed away,
And stimulate my Son in yon affray."
Warwick approach'd, and still the Prince he found
Fresh laurels adding to his name renown'd;
His youthful feats still all with ardour fill,
And even vet'rans feel fresh courage thrill.
"My prince" he cried, "a high command I bring;
From Edward great, your father, and your King;
He knows your valour, and he bids me say,
To you he gives the honour of the day;

Tell him the best of news his father hears,
Is that his son deserves the arms he bears."
The prince attentive heard the flatt'ring sounds,
With freshen'd spirit on the foe he bounds,
"Come on my friends" he cried, "and let us prove,
England and Edward equal share our love:
Mine be the task to do my father's will,
And thus I haste his mandate to fulfil;
On to the combat, see,—advance once more,
And gild the laurels you have gain'd before!"
Furious now the dreadful battle rag'd,
Shield press'd on shield, and sword to sword engag'd
There too Arundel and Northampton's Earls,
Each on his foe, deep rooted vengeance hurls:
With pond'rous stroke they wield the blood-stain'd blade
Nor can the enemy their blows evade.
'Twas thus they fought, how could their deeds e'er fail,
Twas thus they fought, *and thus they did prevail.*
Yes, on that day did English arms acquire
The fame to which a Soldier dares aspire;
Myriads of foes did British hosts behold,
They were themselves but thrice ten thousand told.

So thin their ranks when with th' allies compar'd
That three-fold danger ev'ry Briton shar'd;
Unnumber'd toils on toils did they endure,
But by young Edward led, they felt secure.
Thus was the day by Britons nobly won,
And thus the strength of Gallia was undone.
But never will the muse neglect to sing
The courage of invaded Gallia's King;
He to protect his rights, for such he deem'd
The throne of France, most nobly fought, nor seem'd
To breathe a wish to live, unless to reign,
In France, the King of all her proud domain.
Twice on the field dismounted did he lie,
And once beneath him did a charger die:
Pierced with poignant wounds his body bled,
But still his soldiers in the fight he led;
Nor would he quit the field till life's red stream
Had nearly ebb'd its last, and scarce a gleam
Of hope remain'd that he'd survive to see,
Which of the Pow'rs should gain the victory.
The night approach'd, but ere the sun had sunk,
The parched ground the blood of thousands drunk;

Thousands who view'd the sun that morn arise,
Had now in death for ever clos'd their eyes.
Hist'ry's recording page shall grateful tell
How brave Alençon fought,—how nobly fell!
Nor shall Majorca's King forgotten be,
Fall'n by fate's irrevocable degree.
The task of battle o'er, what next remain?
To seek the wounded 'mongst the many slain.
Gods! what a sight! what numbers strew the field,
In death's cold arms how many lie congeal'd;
Those hearts that beat so warm but just before,
Cold, cold they lie, and now vibrate no more.
Here lifeless rests the once true loving boy,
Of Emma's heart, the pride, the greatest joy,
Cut off in blooming youth and beauty rare.
His Emma's left a victim to despair.
And there a father's stretch'd whose vet'ran breast,
With many a bloody wound's impressed,
His widow'd wife to sorrow's now a prey,
His orphan'd child bemoans his lengthen'd stay;
E'en while the high-ton'd shouts of vict'ry rung,
Her husband's dirge the mournful widow sung.

Her ev'ry hope's expir'd—for ever fled,
The dearest partner of her life is dead.
There on the blood-stain'd ground a duteous son
Lies now reclin'd, his race of honour run.
"Ah what avails the glorious death he died,
Would I had with him fall'n," the mother cried,—
"Oh could I too, resign this vital breath,
Oh might I too repose my soul in death!"—
She spoke, and with convulsive sorrow sigh'd,
Embrac'd her boy, and on his corpse she died.
Still does the pious Prince with cause humane,
Traverse the blood-drench'd, gory Cresey's plain;
O'er thousands of his foes deceas'd he vaults,
In kindred sympathy his heart exalts:
The chieftain brave, compassion ever shows,
When once he wounds they are no longer foes.
Careful he sought, still hoping he might find
Some 'mongst the many not to death consign'd:
While this most noble search he yet pursu'd,
And while his heart beat warm with gratitude
To that Almighty power whose guardian care
Had deign'd to please his valu'd life to spare;

Near a cold corpse an aged form he found,
Whose body hallowed the gory ground!
Yes, 'twas Bohemia's King—the hoary sire,
Did on that spot for his lov'd land expire!
Here staid the prince to shed a friendly tear,
And from his heart to breathe a sigh sincere.
Full well he knew a val'rous man to prize,
And well could he in sorrow sympathize.
"Oh thou brave chief!" he cried, "thy glorious name
High stands upon the pinnacle of fame,
How will thy death thy memory endear,
Thy subjects thy immortal name revere.
Farewell thou aged King! again farewell!
Oh may thy soul in heav'ns celestial dwell,
There for thy transient crown of earthly sway,
There mayst thou meet thy God in endless day."
Thus as he spoke, he dash'd away the tear,
And safely plac'd the body on the bier.
Not far beyond th' ill-fated King he found,
The crest with which his silver locks were bound,
Three ostrich plumes, that morn of milk-white hue,
Alas! now gently ting'd with crimson dew.

The Prince look'd on—again, again he sigh'd,
Mourn'd that the King his enemy had died.
With rapture then ICH DIEN'S crest assumes,
And on his brow he plac'd the nodding plumes.
"These will I wear," he cried, "and while they grace,
My youthful brow, oh, may I ne'er efface,
From mem'ry dear the recollection past,
Of him, whose virtue grac'd them to the last."
Now light he vaults to join the happy Sire,
His breast high beating with the fond desire
That he, his father's blessing should receive,
Nor did sweet hope his duteous wish deceive.
"Once more behold, oh Sov'reign much rever'd,
Behold thy son by ev'ry tie endear'd:
My father, friend, the author of my life,
Thy son behold, return'd from yonder strife;
Thy royal cause I've sought to keep in view,
And do the deeds that you would have me do:
A providential God has deign'd to spare
The life you gave, and nurtur'd with your care.
Has brought me through the day's eventful scene,
In peril's awful threats did intervene;

Thanks to his Omniscient power divine,
The day is ours, the victory is thine."
"My son!" he cried, nor could the King controul,
The joyous feelings of his inmost soul;
Tears of affection mark'd his manly cheek,
And what can sweeter to the bosom speak?
With fond delight did on the hero gaze,
And give the sweetest meed, *a Father's praise.*
"Bravely thou hast this day thy duty done,
Receive a nation's thanks my valiant son:
Those plumes which now thy laurell'd brow adorn,
Shall by our eldest son of Kings be worn;
Thus to Carnarvon's Prince this crest I give,
And thus your fame shall ever, ever live!"
He said, and echo quick proclaim'd the joy,
Each Briton felt in England's princely boy:
Loud did the cries of vict'ry, vict'ry ring,
Great were the thanks of England's noble King.

AN EVENING PIECE,

WRITTEN ON ST. MARGARET'S HILLS.

THE bus'ness of the day was o'er,—my mind
Releas'd from toiling cares, a welcome bade,
To mild reflection's gentle, placid sway,
As with a slow and steady step, I bent
My course to the high summit of those cliffs,
Whose chalky sides, proudly to England's foes
Present a bulwark—firm—impregnable,
And guard her favour'd Isle! the height attain'd
How grand, awfully grand the view appear'd;
All was wrapp'd in solemn silence, not e'en
A breath of air disturb'd the stillness soft,
That reign'd throughout the solitary scene.
This sweet serenity was illumin'd
By the pale, modest lustre of the moon,
Which in unclouded beams her splendour shed.
The Ev'ning star its beauty kindly lent,

As did ten thousand less brilliant orbs,
That by the paleness of their aiding light,
Distance immense, immeasurable told,
And seem'd to say " there is a God on high !"
Indeed I felt the whole combin'd to form
A spirit soothing scene. The glassy sea
Whose unruffled surface, the moon's soft beams
Reflecting, scarce dared approach the shore,
Fearing to disturb the gen'ral repose ;
While even echo, with like fears imbib'd,
Refus'd the murmur to repeat.
Not far beyond the beach a vessel lay
With ev'ry sail unfurl'd, eager to catch
The gentlest breeze ; but in vain the trial,
Not e'en a zephyr would assistance lend :
Calm lay the bark as tranquil as the scene.
And hark, what notes are those whose gentle sounds
Sweetly vibrating on the grateful ear,
Melodious tell a softened tale
Of sorrow ! Fancy pictur'd to my view,
A youth whose yet unripen'd mind impress'd,
With warm desire for seeing distant realms,

Had left his peaceful hut,—his Home! and now
In sorrowing strains poured forth his grief:
Alas! too late and unavailing woe.
Or perchance some fond admiring lover,
Whom destiny had driv'n to seek a home
On distant shores, where in a change of scene
He'd seek to quell, and soothe to rest those pangs
Which now his flute in, soft, but feeling strains,
Too plainly told the tale; and from my heart
Implor'd—and gain'd the tribute of a sigh.
Enraptur'd on the scene awhile I gaz'd,
Nor wish'd the sweet illusion to destroy,
But the music ceas'd, and methought I heard,
('Twas fancy p'rhaps,) the watch proclaim *All's Well!*
Now was I led to view beyond that sea,
Whose narrow space doth bound two warlike realms,
Which for these many ages past, have dwelt
In bitt'rest, direst enmity. How great
The contrast to the scene I'd just survey'd:
The Gallic cliffs protruded on my sight,
And to my mind recall'd the sad account
Of dreadful carnage.

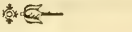
Ev'n now methought I heard the din of war,
And saw the floods of gore, whose bloody course
Had unrelentless delug'd Europe's plains.
The mother's moans—th' unfriended orphan's cries
Resounded through my ears; I felt their grief,
And with them curst ambition's deadly sway
That first inspir'd the still more deadly art
Of waging war with fellow man. Thank God
Its horrid devastations now are past;
No raging war with dire discordant sounds,
Assails our ear. Europe with peace is blest,
And this—this happy Isle! of Britons' heart
The chief, the greatest pride, hath by itself,
(To her immortal honour be it said,)
Withstood the shock of Europe's crowns combin'd,
And finally dictated terms of peace
To Gallia's humbled realm!—
"*England I do love thee,*" thy chalky cliffs,
And this, though barren soil, on which I stand,
Inspire warm adoration in my breast,
And in my heart enthusiastic love!
While standing on the summit of the cliff,

I turn'd my eye towards home, and thro' the shade,
A sombre view of that ag'd pile I caught,
Whose hallow'd walls a sanctuary prove,
For those who love to raise their minds to God.
High on an eminence it rears its head,
And by its lofty and aspiring site,
A beacon serves to mariners distress'd,
And guides the steersman in his pathless way.
The lonely bell its solemn tones loud toll'd,
And to my mind recall'd th' intended aid
It was to give.[1] I bless'd the name of him,
Who, as he breath'd his last, humanely gave
That to his survivors perhaps might serve
A means t' escape th' untimely death he met.
Following the curfew's sound as if inspir'd
With secret fear, I left my fav'rite cliff,
And through the vale beneath pursu'd my way;
Here as I pass'd the once well fill'd,
Though now deserted fort, the peaceful scene
Seem'd still more strongly—more supremely bless'd:
No lonely sentry on his beaten path
Disturb'd my pensive mind. No glimmering

Of lights, save one, which from a lonely cell
But dimly peeping, the abode bespoke,
Of him, whose early years had been employ'd
In bearing arms in his lov'd Country's cause,
And as a recompence for all his toil,
Receiv'd a pension, and this humble shed.
Still towards the village as I bent my steps,
I felt new pleasures rise. The gentle noise
Of bleating flocks, retir'd within the fold,—
The sound of cottagers, (who happily conversing
Among their humble friends, seem'd to forget
The labours of the now expended day,)
All added happiness to the scene.
Thus wrapp'd in thought, I reach'd my peaceful home,
There in refreshing slumbers soft to seek,
That sweet repose which wearied nature claims.

LINES ON READING THE FOLLOWING COUPLET OF POPE'S.

"Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
"But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake."



I wonder friend Pope, what can be the reason,
'Gainst woman you write such monstrous high treason;
Treason it must be, it can be no other,
Rashly all virtues in woman to smother,
What! woman a rake? by heaven's your wrong Sir,
Virtue and prudence, to women belong Sir;
They are with them inherent, with them are born,
Will stand the attacks of foul malice and scorn.
No, I'll never believe such scandalous stuff,
I'd sooner give credence to a lott'ry puff.
A mongst them as in males, may sometimes be found,
Now and then, 'tis true, one who doth not abound
In virtue's fair ways, but is given to err;
Yet surely 'tis wrong, we from thence should infer,

That all of the sex in their follies partake,
And that each of the sex, at heart is a rake.
I admire your Homer, 'tis certainly good;
The test of the critics with honour hath stood;
To peruse it, with pleasure, oft have I sat,
And lost the enjoyment of many a chat.
There have I read of fam'd Helena's joys,
So gloriously fond of the Phrygian boys;
But do not think proper from thence to conclude,
(From her, and some others,) all females are lewd.
No; whilst I observe so much modesty dwell,
And ladies behave so exceedingly well,
I'll never agree we such freedoms should take,
Sans façon to say, "*Ev'ry woman's a rake.*"

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Rise honest Muse, and sing the man of Ross."
POPE.

Inspire my heart, O Muse! and deign to lend,
Aid to sing the monody of a friend;
His virtuous name assist me to revere,
While Sympathy shall shed her heav'n born tear.
Entomb'd beneath the green sward now he lies,
Hears not our moans, unconscious of our cries.
O death! stern tyrant,—foe to human race,
Here may we thy power despotic trace:
Yet hold, to vice alone, art thou a foe;
Not to the heart that beats with virtue's glow;
Not to the heart whose inmost thoughts are good;
Not to the heart which throbs with gratitude.
Such—such was his, and thus wast thou his friend,
'Tis sweet to hope, his joy shall never end.

Snatch'd from the world when in the prime of life,
To sorrow's doom'd the constant, happy wife;
Children and friends to wail the loss unite,
All feel within a kindred grief excite!
Nor will the Muse essay to dry their eyes,
Or bid to cease their many heavy sighs;
But join to mourn,—Oh it becomes a friend,
To let the sympathetic tear descend:
'Tis to his mem'ry due; I oft have trac'd
Its trickling course, nor thought it e'er disgrac'd
His manly brow; whene'er the tale of grief
Was told, the tear appear'd, and gave relief.
Oft have I mark'd it glisten in his eye,
And oft have seen his bosom heave a sigh,
When fondly on his family he'd gaze;
Nor sighs or tears of murmur, but of praise!
Thankful that Heaven thus his days did bless,
Nor did he fail his gratitude t' express.
A loving Husband, who, with doating care,
Ne'er with his Partner fail'd each joy to share;
He felt increasing love within him glow,
Mat ur'd by time, his love did warmer flow.

A Parent fond, whose breast with ardour thrill'd,
As oft the ways of virtue he instill'd
Within his lovely children's youthful mind,
"As wish'd the tree to grow, the twig inclin'd."
Yes, I have mark'd how pleas'd he'd seem to be,
When the two younger boys would grace his knee;
Then would he teach their lisping tongues to raise,
To God, their grateful songs of thanks and praise.
O envied task! and still more envied son!
Methought—'tis past, "the will of God be done."
Just, humane, kind, generous to excess,
His pride the industrious poor to bless;
They knew him as a friend—speak but his name,
Grateful they shed the tears his virtues claim.
But Death's bereav'd them of their patron dear,
That friend, who, ever in their cause sincere,
While to the good a just reward he gave,
Reprov'd the bad—encourag'd, and forgave!
T' oblige and please them, he for ever strove,
By acts like these he sought to gain their love.
And say, all ye, who happy near him dwelt,
The social ties of friendship with him felt;

Say, have ye heard the breath of scandal taint,
Or have ye heard the murmur of complaint,
E'er cast a blot upon his spotless name,
Or tarnish, with unkind reproach, his fame?
"No!" will ye all with one accord reply,
His name the threats of scandal would defy:
No, no, the base detractor's tongue, you'll say,
Shall ne'er obscure the bright, the great display,
Of noble worth like his, with virtue join'd,
Worth, which endears his mem'ry to the mind.
And shall the muse again essay to prove,
Whether he fail'd to gain his neighbour's love?
Go near his grave on Sabbath's day of rest,
See flowing tears bespeak his mem'ry blest;
There hear the praises of the wealthy part,
They speak their love, and speak it from their heart.
List to the eulogies of th' aged poor,
Their thanks in union with their pray'rs soar.
Mark as the child attends with anxious ear,
Unconscious flows apace the grateful tear:
As by his grave their course the mothers bend
With sighs deep drawn, pronounce "*the Orphan's friend.*"

O! do not these at once efficient prove,
How much he shar'd their friendship and their love?
And may his offspring e'er his steps pursue,
Their Father's cherish'd name e'er keep in view;
May they, through life, until their latest breath,
Till summon'd hence by all insatiate death,
Like him, act well the part to man assign'd,
Virtue *like his* for ever bear in mind;
Then shall they leave, *like him*, the best of fame,
Acknowledg'd worth, and an unsullied name.

CALL TO ARMS OF ALFRED ON THE INVASION OF THE DANES.

Britons arise! brave sons of Albion's hosts,
No longer in lethargy sleep,
See myriads of foes surrounding your coasts,
Their barks how they darken the deep.
O awake to her voice! 'tis Liberty calls
Let th' echo resound from the strand,
Awake, O arise, ere Slavery enthralls
The free sons of Albion's land.

CHORUS.

'Tis Liberty calls,—attend to the sound,
Let each Briton's heart with valour rebound;
High blow the bugle,—louder, and higher
The trump must be heard,—the weak 'twill inspire.

The proud flags of the Dane, see, yonder they wave,
Defiance we bid to their boast,
For sooner we'll die, with this sand for our grave,
Than cowardly shrink from our post.
Arise and advance! who acknowledge the blood
Of Fathers who died to defend
The rights of their isle, 'till the crimsoned flood
With the waters of Ocean blend.

CHORUS.

'Tis Liberty, &c.

Assemble ye fathers—ye children surround
The standard of freedom—it flies
On the cliff high above, come rally around,
On your deeds fair Britain relies.
See the tyrants are there, Oh! shall we delay
To drive them from Albion's shore?
Forbid it fair Goddess, no, yonder white spray,
Shall redden with th' enemy's gore.

CHORUS.

'Tis Liberty, &c.

Now! now may we meet them, our number is great,
We are arm'd with pure native zeal,
Be firm to your trust, O remember the fate
Of those who shun their nation's weal.
Haste, ascend to the heights,—prepare—now begin,
Wait not the attack of the foe,
Your arrows so barbed their numbers shall thin,
Their *triumph* shall change into *woe!*

CHORUS.

'Tis Liberty calls, attend to the sound,
Let each Briton's heart with valour rebound;
High blow the bugle--louder, and higher
The trump must be heard, the weak 'twill inspire.

ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR ON ITS GRADUAL DISAPPEARANCE.

And shall we lovely Venus, shall we lose
Thy cheering light so soon? those beams which now
Resplendent shine,—those lurid rays which shed
A calm diffusive light, shall they so soon
Be set to this, our low'r earth, nor longer,
For a season, cheer the weary trav'ller,
Who anxious watches thy descending globe,
And sorrowing, views thy too quick approach,
Each eve, to yonder western bounds. Ah! soon,
When night shall spread her sable mantle o'er
Europa's land and sea, we'll look in vain,
Among the spangled gems that glitter through
The sky, for thee, thou fair beauteous orb,
Thou great declarer of a God above!

We'll look in vain,—thy radiant light will then
Be shed on others, who, will joyous hail
The coming of the star of eve.
How often, when on yonder heights I've climb'd
To breathe the ev'ning's pure refreshing air,
To throw from off my mind the daily cares
To which my sadden'd pilgrimage is doom'd,—
How oft, when wrapp'd in pleasing solitude's
Consoling veil,—when musing on the day's
Alternate hours of joy, and hours of grief;
How often then, I've watch'd thy beauteous shade
Reflecting in the sea beneath, whose waves,
(In gentle undulations rolling on,
As they approach'd to wash the chalky cliff
Whereon I stood) made but feeble efforts
To disturb the brilliant shadow of
Thy heavenly orb; they gently toss'd it
Passing on, as though each impelling wave
Jealous of the embrace, would seek to gain
The shade itself, and having bath'd it in
The soft and cooling spray, resign'd it to
The bosom of the next compeer. From this,

In rapt'rous gaze I'd look on high, and view
Thee shine in rays resplendent; and the while
I saw thee riding through the liquid air
With pond'ring mind, I'd ask why thou wert form'd,
And what thou art—and if the God of Heav'n
Had not some grand design in placing thee
'Mongst other declarations of his might.
Say, what art thou?—a globe, e'en like to ours,
And peopled by a race of mortals, such
As dwell on Earth, on this, thy fellow star?
Art thou terraqueous? and is thy land
In empires form'd, and independent states,
With *here* a tyrant, his bloody sceptre
Wielding, with despotic sway, dares enslave
The hearts of free-born men? and *there*, a soul
That swells with all the fire of Liberty,
Stretching his arm to hold the standard up,
And raising high his voice, to bid his friends
Come one and all, and res'lute flock around?
For such there are on Earth: O we have had
Fell tyrants who'd scourge the heart of Freedom
'Till it burst; and still—still rule on, with rod

Of iron, and with cruel spur would goad,
'Till roused at last some noble spirit,
Fir'd with all the projects of revenge,
Would call his sleeping countrymen to arms,
And drag with mighty force, the tyrant from
His blood polluted throne! And we have had
Base cowards, who would unrepining gnaw
The curs'd corroding chains of Slavery!
Say, hast thou such?—Is there an Albion
Amongst thine isles, where Freedom ever reigns?
Hadst thou e'er a Greece?[k] and Oh! are her sons,
(The sons of those who fought, who bled, who died
Their country's independence to maintain)
Fall'n from the high renown of their great sires,
Who plac'd upon the pinnacle of fame,
Preserv'd their sov'reign rights; and are their sons
Now fall'n into the base state of abject,
Wretched slavery? If so, then kindly draw
A veil, over their blotted page, nor let
Succeeding ages know, they once were FREE!

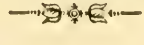
But the Patriot's arm, and rousing voice,
Perhaps thou needest not; thy sons, may be

Have ne'er by sin, to leave fair Eden's grove
Condemned been; and here the theme, sublime
Becomes. O say, have they their priv'lege lost?
Or do they in Elysian valleys dwell,
Where first Creation's God had planted them?
Say, have they ne'er sinned, nor hath for them
A Saviour bled!
Here rest my muse. In awful mystery
The solemn works of God are hid! too grand
For man, weak man, to dare essay to pierce.
Then farewell lovely star, "awhile farewell,"
And when thou next shall come to cheer the dull
Tedium of my walk, I'll watch thy bright
Rays through the twilight breaking, and will hail
The coming of the Star of Eve.

AN ACROSTIC ON THE VIOLET.

Violet thy name—violet thy hue,
In smell delightful, pleasing to the view,
Offspring of beauty, and of virtue too,
How lovely.

Like thee, I fain would spend my days so well,
E'en that in death my works should grateful tell,
To all around, I fondly sought t' excel
In virtue.



ON HEARING A FRIEND SAY, HE WOULD NEVER MARRY BUT FOR MONEY.

They say friend Dick, you oft declare
Hymenial bonds you'll never wear,
Unless perchance a lass you find,
Who's gifted with a *golden* mind.
No matter then, if plain or smart,
Quickly you'll try to win her heart;
Deaf, blind, or dumb, you care not how,
Softly you'll breathe your love-sick vow:
Ev'n should she be a Devil form'd,
Ugly as sin, and eke deform'd,
Still will you seek a time t' unfold
Your monstrous love for all her—GOLD.
And should you by good luck deceive,
And make the Hag your vows believe,

With joyful heart you'd freely wed,
And Endor's Witch receive in bed.
But when the Gold was well nigh spent,
You'd care not if to th' De'il she went:
In short, you'd try by ev'ry art,
To break the life-strings of her heart.
And are you Dick, so great an elf,
To barter Love for filthy pelf?
Shall all the joys that women give,
When we united with them live,—
Shall all the love they can inspire—
Shall all their beauty we admire,—
And shall their sweetly soothing smile,
Which can e'en sorrow's woes beguile;
Shall these, and thousand other joys,
So truly drawn by am'rous boys,
In thee, find one, who would resign
Them all, to gain a golden mine?
In thee, find one, who would not pause,
And shed a tear in woman's cause?
Who would not breathe a heart-drawn sigh
When Love shone bright from beauty's eye?

And could you such a stoic prove,
For *Gold* to leave a Woman's *Love*?
Could you,—no Dick, I'll ne'er believe
You'd rather, for a wife, receive
A Hag—though with a dow'r of gold,
Whose wrinkled brow proclaims a scold,
Than join in wedlock's holy bond
With the fair, lovely maiden fond.
If such your sentiment, then go,
Go spend your days in Lapland's snow;
Its sterile soil your heart would suit,
Whose best of passions you pollute:
There in perpetual exile
For ever dwell; nor more defile
The purer love of Britain's Isle.

FORGET ME NOT.[1]

'Twas beauteous Rosa's piercing eye,
That rais'd in me a tender sigh;
O may that sigh ensure me—What?
That Rosa will—"Forget me not."

ON THE MUTABILITY OF MAN.

Oh man! how mutable is thy lot,—
Thy state, scarce the same throughout a day,
But as the veering weather changes,
So does thy happiness or misery.
Alternately they their empire take,
And doom thee to perpetual change.
This morning (wrapt in melancholy)
I observ'd the dawn,—hazy clouds expanded
Their sombre shades o'er the golden tints
Which bright Aurora rising gently shed.
Yet were they unable to dispel
Completely, the radiant rays;—no,
Their lustre for awhile pierc'd the gloom,
The dismal gloom, which would else have reign'd.
This to my imagination drew,
The birth and youth of our mortal race.

Aurora's tints, obscur'd by humid clouds,
As emblems serv'd to paint the joy and sorrow,
Which by turns invade the infant breast.
Soon the sun, in splendid majesty
Arose triumphant! quick vanish'd ev'ry gloom,
And nought was seen of darksome nature
Throughout the brilliant firmament,
But here and there, a lofty cloud,
Which, flitting by the glorious sun,
But momentarily hid his rays.
Methought it seem'd to bear similitude
To the happy days of youthful manhood;
When, releas'd from irksome task, and warm'd
With desires of entering into life,
The youngster quits his school; then all
A happy aspect wears, save trifling
Disappointments of folly's pleasures.
Petty alloys like these, may to the sun's
Partial obscuration be compar'd
With reason. The flying clouds pourtray
His short liv'd sorrows, which, when fled,
Give greater relish to new sprung joy.

Thus pass'd some time, when a ruder wind,
Rising with humid wings dispelled
The sweet serenity that before
Had with romantic stillness play'd around.
The sky a wilder aspect now assum'd ;
Its etherial shades were quickly veil'd
In horrid, dismal, darkness !
Of its former glare, not e'en a glimpse
Remain'd. All in pond'rous clouds was wrapt ;
The floods of heaven were loos'd, and in
Abundance pour'd their watery store.
Here O Man ! thy fate again I read,
And in the storm, saw thy changeful life.
Fortune for awhile with bounteous hand,
Its richest benefits may have shed ;
Thy whole concerns appear to flourish,
Rendering thy happiness complete !
Complete—ah no ! does not yon conflict
In heaven's high amphitheatre,
Th' assertion contradict.
Plung'd from his imaginary bliss
By unforeseen misfortune, he's hurl'd

Into the gulph of melancholy.
His cheerless state still more wretched made
By the retrospect of pleasures past.
Thus in continual change, thy days
Pass round; and while each revolving hour,
Brings new trouble or new pleasure adds,
This useful lesson it ought t' inspire,
"That in Eternity alone, O! Man,
"Real constancy is found!"

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

"Oh happy, happy task to inspire the joyless with joy! to make glad the heart where no gladness reigned! to restore comfort to the grief struck mind! cause the tear-charged eye again to sparkle."

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

If aught on earth can aid to cheer
The wretched captive's woe,
'Tis Sympathy's consoling tear,
Which down the cheek doth flow.

With lustre it resplendent shines,
Resembling vernal dews;
'Tis like the rose, its sweet combines,
And grief and pain subdues.

Oh thou, to whom misfortune's known,
Whose breast hath felt a fear,
Say, hath not half thy sorrow flown,
When friendship shed a tear?

When cross'd in love the fair one sighs,
Her hapless fate deplores,
If Sympathy her voice applies,
It peace again restores.

When sickness o'er us throws his yoke,
A feeling friend attend,
How sweet, while heaven we invoke,
To see the drop descend.

The parent fond—the tender child,—
E'en he to hardness prone:
All confess its influence mild,
And hail it as his own.

No charm in wealth can e'er impart,
No joy can ever spread,
So sweet a soother to the heart,
As tears of pity shed.

Then flow my tears, and lend your aid,
To gladden ne'er refuse,
To friendship be your tribute paid
With sorrow,—joy infuse.

ON THE DEATH OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN CAROLINE.

She's gone! peace to her soul! the struggle's o'er
Great Caroline of Brunswick's now no more!
Weep, O! Albion weep—bow low thine head,
Indulge in grief—thy Caroline is dead.
PEACE TO HER SOUL! each loyal Briton cries,
While briny tears suffuse his downcast eyes!
The pious pray'r with pious fervour's breath'd,
Our brow meantime with sorrow's gloom enwreath'd.
Yes, we will weep—for sure we've cause to mourn,
The fairesr orb that Brunswick's ever worn
Heart-broken breath'd her last—resign'd her breath,
And sought repose within th' embrace of death.
Weep, Brunswick weep! oh shed mild pity's tear
O'er the lamented Carolina's bier.

But soft! a cheering light with radiance sweet
Dispels the gloom, and shines with lustre great;

My brow (obscur'd with woe-worn grief) illumes
And joy th' ascendence o'er my mind assumes:
I see her lovely form enshrouded lie,
O happy thought! attendant seraphs by:
They waft her soul to God, they chaunt His praise,
And Hallelujahs loud triumphant raise.
High on His divine empyrean throne,
"The God of all" receives her as His own:
Yes, there she joins amid the heav'nly choir,
Her sainted Charlotte—her angelic Sire.
Ah! now shall Queens on earth with thee compare?
Thy realm is heav'n—*thy Coronation's there!*
O sacred shade! among the bless'd thy 'bode,
In peace thou reign'st, and dwellest with thy God.
Weep, England weep! thy tears shall grateful lave,
And wash the stain of slander from her grave.

TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A SILVER PEN.

Yes then, fair girl, your gift I'll take,
And keep it ever, for your sake.
And when the muse shall aid endite,
With that you gave, my songs I'll write.
O they shall be effusions true,
I'll write of love, and Rosa too.

And with the pen that Rosa gave,
At home—abroad—beyond the wave,
Still with her shall I seem to dwell,
Nor e'er have cause to say "Farewell;"
For I will bear in mind the smile,
That beam'd upon her face e'en while,
The precious gift she bade me take,
And keep it ever, for HER SAKE.

SONG.

MARY OF THE VALE.

TUNE,—"In a Cottage near a Wood."

Thoughtless youth, away, away,
I cannot, must not hear your tale,
Fain would you my heart betray,
Then leave poor Mary of the Vale.
Sigh not thus, 'tis not sincere,
For love, true love, you do not feel,
Away, away, I must not hear,
You wrong poor Mary of the Vale.

Ah! why fond youth, why seek to gain,
My heart, and woe on me entail;
Cease, then cease, your hopes are vain,
Go, quit poor Mary of the Vale.

Go, fair youth, nor more suppose
Those luring arts will e'er avail,—
Away, away, for virtue glows
Within poor Mary of the Vale.

TO MY DONKEY.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO.

Donkey! you and I do pass
Many an hour together,
I am thy friend,—thou my ass,
And friend, when on the leather
Saddle I most easy sit
And gently jog along,
For on thy back I've often writ,
Many a love-sick song.
And safely you have carried me,
Both out and home again,
Yet sometimes dull, and sometimes free,
But never did complain.
Then I will scorn to use thee ill,
Or ever be unkind to thee;

For if we have t' ascend a hill,
All heedless of the weather,
I will dismount, and so will we
Both trudge up together.
Nor will I Johnny beat thee more,
With cudgel thick and round,
Nor with the rowel of my spur,
Inflict a painful wound.
But when I wish to speed thee on,
Will gently bid thee mend thy pace,
Although I must confess upon
Thy long renowned stubborn race;
To little purpose words are us'd,
Of non effect to pull the rein,
This makes their carcase so abus'd,
And gives them all extreme of pain,
For obstinate they will remain.
But never yet I've known that you
Self-will'd resolv'd to prove,
Nor yet have found you would pursue
One road, or would not move;

For you, my faithful, grisly Jack,
When sickness brought me low,
Bore me with pleasure on thy back,
And did most gently go.
Besides all this, another claim
You have upon my care,
For even in your very name
I come in for a share;
For oft indeed, it haps, good lack,
And it has come to pass,
That, as I'm called stubborn Jack,
I'm sometimes nam'd JACK ASS.

MUSIC OF GREAT UTILITY IN CASE OF A FRAIL MEMORY.

Monsieur Benoit, from Paris come,
Seeing that we accept the scum
Of either Italy or France,
Provided they can teach to dance;
Had pitch'd his tent in London town,
A place you'll own of great renown,
For Amateurs of Violin,
Some even say they're fond of sin;
This 'twixt ourselves, one thing we know,
They to the outcast mercy show.[m]
Perchance poor Benoit knew this too,
And thought he better could not do
Than leave his *native* land and come
To *England*, where he'd find a *home*.

This he had done—e'er long behold
His pockets burn'd with English gold;
For he was fam'd as cat-gut scraper,
And 'mongst the best to cut a caper.
No wonder then he wealth enjoy'd;
By nobles too he was employ'd,
To teach their girls, whose pretty face,
Made them desire to dance with grace.
Much of this work our Benoit had,
Yet still he spoke so very bad,
(In English, I would say of course,
Tho' some do hint he spoke French worse,)
That little Miss could scarce refrain
From titt'ring when he'd try t' explain;
For instance now, if well she'd done
"Ah ma chère, dat indeed is bonne;
Your angel forme, youre jolie face
Do make my tear, de very grace.
Dat, dat is good,—encore dat step,
Upon my verd you're très adept."
Thus was he once employ'd, when lo!
Just as he'd reach'd his hat to go,

And with the greatest neatness bow'd,
The sun retir'd behind a cloud;
Unceremonious 'twas, tis true,
Uncheering look'd to Benoit's view:
Not many houses had he past,
Ere Nubes shower'd her favours fast.
Although he could not English speak,
He'd learnt an English sign to make,
So to a Coachman near the spot
He bent his finger, quick as shot;
The Jehu drives to poor Benoit,
And in a twinkling opes the door.
Then stepping up, as lightly vaults,
As when he danc'd the Prussian waltz.
The Coachman now requests to know,
Where his honor would wish to go.
"Ah! by ma foi, me vill go *home*,
You shall take me from where I come;
M' entendez vous,--you must me drive
To the Maison where I do live."

Coach. "Yoy, your honor, but will ye tell,
The street and number where you dwell;"

Ben. " Ah ! ah ! dat is anoder ting—
Diable !—me have forgot him.'
Begar—would any one suppose,
I forget vere I toujours goes.
Vraiment 'tis drolle, dat me no know
Of dat same street le sacrê nom :
Vy vat de devil will I do,
Me neder know no more dan you.
Sa-prestè !" cried out poor Benoit,
" Dis be indeed, one great big bore !"
Poor Jehu grinn'd—as well he might,
At sweet Crimona's honour'd knight.
" Ah ! par ma foi you're very gay,
Ecoutez Monsieur, Vip I say,
You understand la musique eh ?"

Coach. " Me ! devil's note do I know,
But come Mounseer, I want to go."

Ben. " Bon Dieu dis is most malheureux :"
But nothing heeding, out he drew,
From his side pouch a little Kit ;
" Now coachee si vous vill permit,

(Readers you must admire his wit,)

" Me bientôt tell

You vere I dwell."

Then quickly he commenc'd an air,—

Gods ! had you seen poor Jehu stare,

With eyes, as tho' they'd burst their bounds,

And mouth, as if he meant the sounds,

Instead of hearing, prepare to eat,

By its extension monstrous great.

Ben. " Ah ! vouz verrez—now, now you know

The street vere I desire to go."

Coach. Why as for that, Mounseer, why look

That's nothing else but old MOLLBROOK.

Ben. " Bah ! oui—c'est ca—de very same,

Vous avez raison—dat's de name.

Oui Marlbro' Street, now you go drive,

Your fastest man, for dere me live."

Jehu still grinning like a fox,

Speedily resumed his box,

While Benoit now devoid of care.

Gaily humm'd " *Malbrok s'en va-t-en geurre*"

And Coachy's whip in chorus rung,

(Doubtless the horses curs'd the song)

Mir ton tare on tare.

AN ACROSTIC ON THE PRIMROSE.

P ale peeping from its leafy root,

R ob'd in the richest green,

I ts fragrant odour all its fruit,

M orn's fav'rite flow'r is seen.

R egaling is the scent it spreads

O 'er the expanded vale;

S equester'd lie its lowly beds,

E nriching ev'ry gale.

INSENSIBILITY.

Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too !.....
.....
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man.
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it and not find it, in his turn.

COWPER.

Is there a heart so dead to feeling
That does not beat in sorrow's cause?
That when misfortune is appealing
To one of nature's brightest laws;—
No mild compassion's genial rays—
No sympathetic tear displays,
Nor does from mirth an instant pause,
Nor Pity's soothing voice obeys.

Or in the world's wide expanse is there,
The wretch when mis'ry's told his woe,
With breast so steel'd would fiend-like dare,
Laugh at the tears that quickly flow;
Would scorn to hear the tale of grief,
Nor deign to minister relief;
Such a wretch shall one day know
Oppression's sting and learn belief

Oh! retribution's hour shall come,
Nor long alas will be delay'd
When th' unfeeling shall receive his doom,
And by misfortune be repaid:
In vain on friendship he shall call,
For him no heart-felt tear shall fall,
No breast in Pity be array'd,
Despis'd, condemn'd, and shunn'd by all.

Stung, stung by remorse, he feels despair
Consume his woe-fraught, sullen mind,
Subdued by grief—oppress'd by care,
No cheering solace shall he find;
His soul obscur'd by dark'ning gloom,
Flies for repose beyond the tomb,
In vain,—for there to grief consign'd—
The hour is come—he meets his doom.

PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY OF THE WAY TO GET MARRIED,

As spoken by Master Holloway, at the Private Theatricals at Cliff House Academy, Dec. 16th 1820.

Speaking behind the scenes.

COME lads, prepare, made ready to begin
I'll just step on and speak to those within.

Peeping round the scene.

What! no company? ah, was that your fear:
You'll find your error when you get out here;
Ladies and Gentlemen in great plenties,
Not two by two, but here they sit by twenties.

Coming forward and bowing.

Thanks my kind friends for your condescension;—
Hold,—when first I spoke 'twas my intention
To give each sex a separate address,

By way of coaxing you, our work to bless.
Ladies,—yes, I know 'tis by right your due,
Not by right alone, but by good breeding too,
Our first petition should be made to you.
Well then, a suppliant you here behold,
Who humbly sues you'll not from us withold
Those cheering, heart-felt smiles, which quick dispel
The timid, modest fears, that o'er us dwell.
Throughout the play, by our bills announc'd,
Immodest words are carefully renounc'd ;
Virtue is pictur'd in the highest style,
And vice you'll find our author doth revile ;
While wit and humour still shall bear a part,
And Comedy enliven ev'ry heart.
Added to this, you who long have tarried,
Shall now be shown " *The way to get Married.*"

And now to friends of my own sex I'll plead,
Say may'nt I trust our efforts will succeed ;
O say, kind Gents, may we not hope to meet,
That praise for which so many bosoms beat ?

Your noisy laughter ne'er will fail t' inspire,
And fill our breasts with histrionic fire.
Ah ! were you here, to see behind this scene
The woeful looks, and most dejected mien
Of those, whose task is presently to come,
(I can't help laughing, they look so pure and grum)
To claim that praise to which they dare aspire,
That praise they've sought most ardently t' acquire.
Here stands one, sly peeping round the corner,
Sure actor's face ne'er looked forlorner,
When the tired audience in a rage,
Combin'd to hoot and hiss him off the stage :
There at his back, another trembling stands,
Shaking as if the palsy touch'd his hands.
Thus of your kindly smiles you see we've need,
If they're bestow'd, we cannot but succeed.
Would you then all in one applause combine,
And all essay to make our efforts shine,
Gratefully, thanks shall be return'd to you,
Whose kindness, shall have render'd thanks your due.

A FRAGMENT.

The syren sung—I heard her voice—
She touch'd the lyre—the living sounds
Ran through my soul—my heart still bounds,
And even angels might rejoice,
To hear a lay so sweet,
So tender and so soft.
Then rapt'rous rose the notes on high,
My senses thrill'd with extacy;
So heav'nly were the strains
That seraphs from aloft
Might stoop to earth to meet
And dwell among our plains.
Ah! me! I felt their force,—my heart confess'd
The tender passion, while my breast
Shar'd all the charms, the pangs that love inspires,
And vainly burn'd beneath its fatal fires.
For 'twas a syren sung—her bosom felt
Not the endearing love of virtue's way,
To dissipation's giddy shrine she knelt,
Her voice a snare—she sang but to betray.

THE LAMENT OF THE OUTCAST.

Scene.---St. Margaret's Cliff.[m]

Dark was the night, and bitter blew the wind,
On yonder cliff, where friendless Edwin stood
Unshelter'd from the blast; bewailing there
In accents mark'd by writhing grief, his sad—
His mournful fate! There, as the piercing sleet,
Blown by the wind against his tender frame,
(Unus'd 'till then, to such extreme of pain)
Caus'd many a tear to flow, it bade him
Drink reflection's sad embitter'd cup.—
"Ah"! he exclaim'd, "is Edwin come to this!
Is this the state of him, who but for vile
Temptation's luring maze, would now have been,
Unstain'd by sin, the happy Edwin still!

Oh! once I had a home—a cherish'd home,
And once had friends I fondly lov'd—but now,
(A treble curse on the unhappy change) that home
So much endear'd,—those friends so truly lov'd,
To me are ever lost! Bereav'd of all,
I wander now deserted and unknown.
No more, my Mother, smiling on her son
Hails his approach, and clasps him to her breast.—
No more the lips of fond affection press
The tear drench'd cheek of Edwin! No, his tears
Must now unheeded fall! no Sister's near
To kiss them off, and bid them cease to flow.
No kind consoling voice of Father, cheers
On this bleak spot, the exil'd heart of his
Once loved, but now—abandon'd Son!

There was a time,—but 'tis past, when Brothers
Bade me welcome! and grasp'd my hand in theirs,
As with a cordial greeting they would all
Strive which should please the happy Edwin most.

Yes, 'tis past!—affection's ties no longer
Bind their spotless hearts to me: nor is it

They alone, whose love I've madly lost. O no,
I ne'er again shall hear the cheerful voice
Of *Friends*! That sacred name shall ne'er to me,
In happy converse be again address'd.
Stern—dreadful thought! Still in the prime of years
—In youth—to be condemn'd to know no Friend.
It is a thought that dries up ev'ry vein,
And freezes ev'ry genial warmth and fire
With which the tender age of youth abounds.
And is it so? must ev'ry tie, alas!
Be banish'd from this isolated breast?
O whither then for comfort can I fly,
Into whose bosom can I pour my woe,
Or dare to ask, one kind consoling tear?
No there's none will let the trace of sorrow
Stain their cheek, for Edwin—wretched Edwin.
—A magic name still rings within my ears,
Eliza's sainted form presents itself
In these horrific clouds of night. My blood
Recoils!—yes—tender pity *once* was there;
Her's was the bosom which defying storms

Like this, would bared have been to shelter me.

* * * * Oh! God,

Forgive—forgive—even as she forgave!

Hark! you curfew sounds and calls the trav'ller
From these stupendous heights: O would to heav'n
It were a knell, whose dull, yet warning tone,
Told the inquiring world, that he, who once
Was Edwin call'd, lay now repos'd in death.
Yet—would there be one who'd his requiem sing
And breathe a hope that his departed soul
Might rest in peace?—Shall I obey the sound
And leave this spot—to go—whither I know not,
Or by the impulse of mad despair, plunge
From this height, thus meet my doom, and rush,
Into the presence of my God uncall'd.
Ah! no! lend mercy heaven! shield me from
The awful act, and bid me yet live on,
To expiate my sins on earth, ere yet
Eternity, to eternal woe, shall
Doom the lost,—the outcast Edwin."

He pray'd, and left the place; sleep clos'd his eyes,
And sooth'd till morn, his then renewed grief.

THOUGHTS ON HEARING THE KNELL.

Heavily tolls the bell,—its dismal sounds
Low grating on the watchful ear, proclaim
That Death's destroying hand again hath fell'd,
Another Victim! yes, another soul
Hath quit its mortal part, and soaring fled
To Immortality—to meet its God,
And ah! of him receive the just reward
Of a well or mispent life.
Oh, 'tis an awful thought, a thought sublime,
That well deserves t' employ the christian's mind,
And bids us all reflect. Each time I hear
The solemn tone, with warning voice it seems
To say, "Prepare!" God of my life, O grant
may prepare; within my youthful heart

A proper sense of thy divinity
Instill. Inspire my mind with gratitude
For all thy num'rous blessings past, and deign
Instruct me how to merit those to come.
Teach me so t' employ my time, O God,
That when thy great Almighty pow'r shall please
To stay my vital breath, I may obey
Without a rankling fear, a pang t' inflict
In my dying moments. Oh may I feel
So assur'dof Heaven, e'en as my soul
Shall wing its flight—e'en with my parting breath
I may exclaim, " O Death where is thy sting!
O Grave where is thy victory! "

ELLEN.

—And still she soothes and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
False as he is, still, still she loves her swain;
To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey,
And sighs and sings the livelong hours away.

FITZGERALD.

Ah Hush! 'tis the voice of poor Ellen I hear,
Bewilder'd she travels forlorn;
O give her not cause for alarm or for fear,
Her grief from your heart claims a pitying tear,
Not the glance of contemptuous scorn.

See, see she approaches, Oh, turn not away
But list to her gentle complaint,
For while in the grove she doth harmlessly stray
She chaunts to the winds melodious her lay,
Unconscious of any restraint.

I staid and I saw a most beautiful girl
Quick through the green foliage glide,
O'er her fair neck of snow loose flow'd the black curl
That fingers so taper did gracefully twirl,
As to her lone bower she hied.

And there on its mossy banks careless she lay
Her head on her hand reclining;
'Twas this she enjoy'd, and oft would she stray
From her home and her friends to grief to give way,
For joy she felt in repining.

O sweetly she look'd,—now fix'd was her eye
On a bracelet bound on her arm—
Then directed its gaze towards Heav'n on high,
Her bosom convuls'd with many a sigh—
Now still'd by some powerful charm.

Then looking again on the bracelet I saw
A tear its confines at last break,
It glistening stood, then obeyed the law
That bade it arise, her grief to withdraw,
Bedewing her beauteous cheek.

She wiped it away—again could I trace
Another beginning to flow,
She wip'd it away—but soon was her face
(The loveliest of all I could wish to embrace,)
Suffus'd with those streamlets of woe.

Then having wept freely, benignly she wrung
In calm resignation her hands,
Though to sorrow consign'd, to sorrow she clung,
Yet still in a strain most enchanting she sung
Effusions her fancy expands.

"Oh! joy to me for ever's fled,
No more its balmy paths I'll tread,
Despair in all its terrors drest
Resides within my wounded breast;
To me the world is lone and drear,
Repose I find but only here.

This is the spot where Harry swore
To love me daily more and more;
Here is the place where first he taught
My heart to love, and often sought

To gain me to confess the same,
And add new ardour to his flame.
To me the world is lone and drear,
Repose I find but only here.

The Jasmin through my bow'r entwines
And mixes with the fragrant bines,
And still in freshen'd beauty blows
What Harry term'd his fav'rite rose;
With them the curling suckle spreads,
Hanging on each its honied heads.
To me the world is lone and drear,
Repose I find but only here.

And while we bent the jasmin's spray
You talk'd of love and hail'd the day
When we in union might entwine
Like yonder rose and eglantine.
But Oh tis past—those hours are o'er;
Harry, thy voice I hear no more.
To me the world is lone and drear,
Repose I find but only here.

When together we set that rose,
" Ellen" you sigh'd " my bosom glows
With true and constant—constant love,
Nor will I ever faithless prove."
But thou hast fled, those joys are gone,
I see the rose, but feel its thorn.
To me the world is lone and drear,
Repose I find but only here.

Here in my heart I feel the blow,
Still, I'll not curse thee Harry—no!
But may the gifts of heav'n descend,
May Heaven ever prove your friend:
May no remorse e'er sting thy breast,
No thoughts of Ellen mar thy rest,
To her the world is lone and drear,
Repose she finds but only here."

Then ceasing to warble she sprung from the ground,
Retracing her steps to her home;
Yet still in my ear the wild sorrowful sound
With the sympathy tun'd, that bade my heart bound
For grief that caus'd Ellen to roam.

IN IMITATION OF BOILEAU.

Since one fatal hour
O the pain that I prove,
Ah! Ann, 'tis the pow'r
Of the tenderest love.

Nay, be not afraid
Nor make such an ado,
Believe me, sweet maid,
'Tis indeed—not for you.

SONG.

O give me the maid who is lovely and fair
Whose bosom will beat to the voice of true love,
Bright blue be her eye, while in ringlets her hair,
A veil for her neck shall as modestly prove.

With the riches of knowledge stor'd be her mind,
I care not for bounties fortune may give,
Her actions be pleasing, her manners refin'd—
For her would I die—Oh! for her would I live.

ANTHONY, OR THE COMPARISON.

A poor simple Frenchman, not remarkably fat,
That's to say, much resembling a *juvenile sprat*;
'Tis a simile here in the country we use
When, as thin as a lath, but four feet from his shoes,
In manhood erect the pigmy will stand,
Look knowing around and fain would command.
Of this stamp was Monsieur, his name Anthony too,
Which carries the metaphor charmingly thro'
As we're told that saint was the first of our species,
Who troubled himself to harangue little fishes.

Now, our hero was standing, one day, it should seem,
To look at a sow, with a charming fine teem,
Nine in number, of pigs, she that mornin g gave birth,
And Monsieur was thinking how much they were worth,

Expressing contempt at " *de Engalish pig*,
In France dey are larger—near two times as big.
Ma foi—qu'ils sont petits, me no like dem at all,
Look dere—vot a little von, how diablement small."

His companion James was pleased with the brood,
Praised each pig in its turn and thought them all good;
'Till laughing aloud in his arms one he takes,
" 'Tis *Anthony*," he says, "the poor thing how it shakes."
" Vot Sare, you say? dat's me! vot de devil you mean
No, Sare, you are wrong sare, me no côchon have been;
But dere is de mamma of de whole teem,
And she is, par bleu, von very big Jim."

THE POLANDER'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY,

Suggested by reading Miss Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

Now adieu to the land of my birth,
Poor Poland for ever farewell,
Most desolate nation on earth,
Thy wrongs in this bosom shall dwell.
To the land of the stranger I go
Unceasing from thee must I roam,
O Thaddeus thou never must know
The land of thy birth as thy home.

The invaders thy children oppress—
The swords of the spoilers have spread
O'er thy valleys a ruthless distress,
Thy heroes repose with the dead.

Where's thy standard which bravery bore,
No longer 'tis held by the brave,
Their valor is past—thy freedom is o'er,
They've found in the battle their grave.

Then, fare thee well Poland! yet ere I go,
This pledge of affection receive,
I weep for thy fate: see, my tears flow,
And such is the tribute I leave.
Where the palace of Villanow rose,
Its still reeking ashes appear,
Where its ruins still speak of thy foes,
There falls from thy Prince the sad tear.

And still will I weep, sorrow is mine
These ruinous heaps I deplore,
Sacred the spot! for O 'tis the shrine,
Where freedom fell, to rise no more.
'Tis past, and I go—never again
This land shall behold my return,
We sought to be free—the hope was vain,
Thy fate while away will I mourn.

ALVAREZ AND ANNA.

A SPANISH TALE.

O 'twas in the land where the bigot resides,
Where tyranny reigns, and oppression does wield
The sabre of power, and mercy derides,
Where the mask of religion the people misguides,
And hypocrisy base doth act as a shield.

Yes 'twas in that land where the fair Anna dwelt
So blooming, so mild, so virtuous, so young;
Religion her theme, with devotion she knelt
Each day to the shrine of the virgin and felt,
The purest of zeal, as pray'rs fell from her tongue.

And taught by the precepts her mother impress'd,
A duty she felt it, and oft would retire
To th' hallowed place, with the priest, and confess'd
—Not a sin—ah! no, her immaculate breast,
No sin ever knew or unholy desire.

Not so the fell priest, whom religion appear'd
His every action to guide and to sway;
She thought he was pious, and Anna rever'd
The maxims he taught, while she strictly adher'd
To each penance inflicted, cheerful t' obey.

But ah! in his breast a passion there glowed,
Which his office as priest forbade him to feel,
Its empire he felt, as raging it flowed
Through his every vein, a pang it bestow'd
Oppressive to bear, yet compell'd to conceal

But 'twas not the love in which virtue delights,
O no; 'twas a madness that fever'd his brain,
It was not the love that affection excites,
It was not the love where the young heart unites,
'Twas frenzy that heated and boil'd in the vein.

Nor was it such love as reigned in the breast
Of youthful Alvarez whose bosom beat high,
He saw the fair Anna, array'd in the vest
Of virtue so pure, by her actions express'd,
Ill fated Alvarez—he lov'd but to die.

With ardour he breath'd to the maiden his vows,
She listened—she heard—and quickly the flame
Is felt in her breast;—to its empire she bows,
Confesses she loves,—the soft passion allows,
And sighing she breathes with a fondness his name.

Long time had their hearts in affection been tied,
And long had they felt all the joys of true lo[illegible],
Each one on the other could fully confide,
For virtue so pure o'er them both did preside,
So happy and chaste, unblemished they prove.

But 'twas for a season! there lurked within,
The dark soul of the priest (of vice the abode,)
A passion most deadly, 'twas Jealousy's sin,
The demon he felt, and with horrible grin
He curs'd the fair Anna, and mis'ry forebode.

But this was in secret, as wretched he lay
On his couch where no more he met with repose;
Not a vesper he chaunted,—nor pray'r did say,
For Jealousy held its demoniac sway;
By cursing he slept not—by cursing he rose.

Wretch, wretch that he is; O thou miscreant dust,
Shall thy pray'rs be heard, dost thou vainly surmise?
Remember, the God of high heaven is just,
Thy infernal desires His mercy disgust,
For ne'er o'er His creatures will He tyrannize.

Deep laid were the plans of the priest to ensnare,
His projects the foulest by Jealousy fram'd,
To entrap in his toils the immaculate pair,
To surprise like th' hunter the prey in its lair,
To blight their young hopes too fatally aim'd.

And veiled in the mask that hypocrites wear,
A disgrace to mankind too oft it is worn,
From children t' impose on their guardians dare,
To the men, who grown older in vice prepare,
And preparing perform—regardless who mourn.

Then resolving to pass as though he nor knew,
Nor other emotion he felt at the scene,
Than joy pure and grateful, he seem'd to subdue,
The grief of his heart, and with pleasure would view
His rival and Anna with eye so serene,

That all would have sworn the old monk would have bless'd,
Their union with ardour, and orisons raise,
To heaven above, to the mansions of rest,
That of joys unalloy'd they might be possess'd
So calm were his looks, so deceitful his ways.

But now comes the trial, the moment arrives,
When the mask must be thrown off, nor longer be worn;
Quick, quick as it comes, so his malice revives,
The green demon exults, stern jealousy thrives,
And fate does her worst, O the lover must mourn.

The day is arriv'd when their hearts should be tied
In bonds their affection prompts them to weave,
By whom then so well, can they be allied,
By whom the fair Anna declared a bride,
As by Pedro the priest—their *friend* they'd believe.

The wish is express'd—the occasion is seiz'd,
And Pedro consents the rights to perform;
Has virtue prevailed, and has he appeas'd
The workings of hell in his mind so diseas'd,
The impulse of revenge—and is he reform'd?

To the altar they go, how lovely they seem;
Say, where is the heart that refuses to beat,
Or where is the eye that with joy will not beam,
When gazing it dwells on so heav'nly a theme,
Or where is the hand such joy would defeat?

Yet there was a hand, and a heart, and an eye,
Which puls'd not, and beat not, and beam'd not with love;
And there was a heart that could vilely comply,
And there was a hand which the steel could apply,
And bury it deep in the innocent dove.

The prayer is said,—Alvarez allied
To his Anna, exults; then hastes to embrace,—
But Gods! scarcely yet the knot has been tied,
When his Anna becomes—Oh! a spiritless bride,
See,—see—Ah! she falls—her blood flows apace.

"Die! Die!" cried the priest, "from me comes the blow,
'Tis mine is the hand, that directed the steel;
'Twas revenge bade me strike, nor could I forego,
For Anna, I lov'd thee, and now may ye know
Though *forbidden* to love, *the passion we feel!*"

They bore the bleeding corpse away,
While he who caus'd the sad affray
Is giv'n to Justice' hands:
Ah! why pollute that sacred word,
In Spain 'tis now scarce ever heard
Throughout her fertile lands.
It seems as though she'd taken wing,
Nor more her aid expands;
But bent her way to other climes,
For he who reigns is priestcraft's King,
Th' unwilling punisher of crimes,
Done by her monkish bands.

But where's Alvarez? O 'tis past—
Was not his bridal hour his last?
Think ye not ye see him lie

On Anna's lifeless form? Oh! yes,
And think ye not ye see him press
Her pale lips?—now mark his eye;
It dims, it fades, its lustre's o'er,
Fled is the soul with that deep sigh,
Stopp'd is the pulse, nor longer now,
Vibrates the heart which just before,
Embrac'd the sacred marriage vow,—
He gasps for breath, see, see him die.

ADDRESSED TO A *WOULD BE CRITIC*,

Whose spiteful remarks were so ridiculously stupid, that, did they not combine falsehood with illiberal criticism, they would pass unnoticed.

Once on a time, 'tis said, it came to pass,
A harmless boy was standing near an ass;
The beast, though unprovok'd, began to bray,
And feats peculiar to his race display;
Turn'd slily round, uprais'd his heels and quick,
Bestow'd on Giles a most malicious kick.
Sore with the pain at first he nearly cried,
Then half resolv'd to lash the creature's hide;
But stifling soon his rage, exclaim'd, "Alas,
I'll take it whence it comes, thou'rt but an Ass."

NOTES.

[a]THE BATTLE OF CRESCY.

The famous Battle alluded to, was fought August the 25th, 1346, near Cresey, a small Town in France, whence it derives its name. Edward III. had landed an army in France with a view of claiming the Crown, which he pretended was usurped by Philip the Tall, who was brother to Lewis Hutin, the eldest son of Philip the Fair. Edward grounded his pretenions as rightful heir to the Throne, being the son of Isabella, who was daughter to Philip the Fair, and sister to the three last Kings of France; of course his claims were objected to, as the Salic law forbade the descendants of females a right to the crown.

[b]*His valiant son in sable armour cas'd.*

Edward the Black Prince, so called from his wearing black armour.

[c]*Scarce fifteen suns had yet his bosom warm'd.*

He was just fifteen years old when this memorable battle took place; and was already remarkable for understanding and valour above his age.

[d]*The sun had scarce its high meridian pass'd.*

This battle began about three in the afternoon, and according to Speed, the phenomena in Heaven were great. To use his

own words, (page 590) he says, "And even as the first wounds were ready in a manner to be given and taken, behold God, to let them know he was awake, and that there was one above to whom so many thousands should within a few minutes appear, to give an account of their whole lives to that present; he caused the blacke clouds to poure downe upon them store of funerall tears, enarching the air with a spacious rainbow, and discharging sundry fire and peals of thunder; the Sunne also at the same time drawing more to set, would gladly have hid his face, by thrusting it under a partill Eclipse, but God, (who meant good to the *English*.*) would not suffer him to withdraw his more necessary office, so that freed from that temporary shadow, he shone directly into the Frenchmen's eyes. At the same time also sholes and cloudes of baleful ravens, and other birds of prey, and ravin as foreshowing the harvest of carcases at hand, came flying over the French hoast."

"Unknown to Gallia were such sounds before,
To them unheard the dreadful cannon's roar.

I have, I believe, here overshot the mark, if we come closely to the point, for I find by Lowndes that although in this battle theEnglish first made use of artillery, they had cannon inFrance; but Philip only anxious to overtake the enemy, had left them behind, being so assured of victory from the superiority of number, that he regarded his artillery as useless incumbrance. However, in a History of France, published in 1817, I find this observation;—"Ce fut, dit on dans cette journée, que les Anglais firent pour la premiere fois usage de l'artillerie, ils avoient six pièces de cannon, l'effroi qu'elles inspiroient acheva de determiner en leur faveur une victoire que l'imprudence des Français les avoient deja preparée."

* We can but observe Speed's Amor Patriæ.

[f] *There great Bohemia's King though old and blind,*
To fate rush'd on, and was to fate resign'd.

Robertson says "He was blind from age, but being resolved to hazard his person, and set an example to others, he ordered the reins of his bridle to be tied to two Gentlemen's horses of his train, and his dead body and those of his attendants, were afterwards found among the slain, with their horses standing by them in that situation." Speed uses these words;—"But to what purpose serves writing if the high resolution of the King of Bohemia should be unremembered? He (as only seeking an honourable grave for his old age) put himself into the first rank of his owne horsemen, and with full random charging the English, was slain with sword in hand, the troupe of his faithful followers with their slaughtered bodies covering him even in death. There lay this Trophea of the English Chevalrie!"

[g] *Thousands who view'd the sun that morn arise*
Had now in death for ever clos'd their eyes.

"On the day of Battle and on the ensuing, there fell by a moderate computation, 1200 knights, 1400 gentlemen, 4000 men at arms, besides about 3000 men of inferior rank. The Kings of Majorca and Bohemia, and many of the principal nobility of France were slain."—ROBERTSON.

[h] *The crest with which his silver locks were bound.*

The crest of the King of Bohemia was three Ostrich plumes, and the motto these German words, *Ich Dien* (I serve) which the Prince of Wales adopted (as seen in the concluding lines) in memory of the battle, and his successors have worn them ever since.

Reflection on War.

Reflection on the natural consequences of a Battle can but strike the bosoms of the humane with sentiments of horror. 'Tis awful in the extreme to think on the thousands who are unwarily plunged into eternity with their still unrepented crimes, devoting them to misery's horrid gulph.—Surely among the numberless deceased an affectionate father lies! Doub'less, many a true loving lad, instead of reposing on the fond bosom of his amiable lass, is destined to stretch his stiffene' limbs upon the gory plain! And how often is it the case that a doating mother has to deplore the loss of a duteous son, a portion of whose hard-earned stipend was always devoted to her! The greater the victory, it is but too fatally true, the greater number of widows and orphans have cause to mourn. Methinks while the breast of humanity contemplates the conquest, it must participate in the woes of the unfortunate; and the bosom of the female admirer of heroic valour must heave a sigh at the untimely death of those who claimed her admiration. I grant that the soldier who dies in his country's cause, *dies a Hero!* and I can venerate his memory as such; but alas, what compensation is his glorious fall to the disappointed mother,—the bereaved wife,—the deserted orphan, the hopeless lover. They equally mourn his death, as though he breathed his last on the bed of sickness, their loss is equally the same, and their grief as unrestrained.

AN EVENING PIECE, &c.

'The lonely bell its solemn tones loud toll'd,
And to my mind recall'd th' intended aid
It was to give.

Some years ago, a shepherd returning from his labour on a foggy night, unfortunately fell over the Cliff. He lived but a few

hours, and in his last moments, left a piece of ground to be given to the person, who would undertake to ring the village bell in winter, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the hope that the sound might guide some wandering traveller from the dreadful precipice down which a false step might hurl him.

[k] AN ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

[k] *Succeeding ages know they once were free.*

When this piece was written, the Greeks were still groaning under the despotism of the Turks, those cruel task-masters, whose tyranny oppressed a people—the descendants of the wisdom and valour of the ancient world. It is true, a spark of freedom had already kindled in the bosoms of some, but a people so long under the dominion of a despot, as were the Greeks, become too much enervated and enfeebled,—are too much wrapped in the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition, to be able to grasp with resolution, even at freedom! Happily, however, that spark has burned with vigour;—encouraged by the example of some, aided by the benevolent and patriotic of Britain,—animated by the now departed BYRON, who fell a victim in her cause,—Greece shall once more rank among the FREE,—literature shall again flourish,—and after ages shall see another Lycurgus, another Solon arise!

[l] FORGET ME NOT.

In imitation of "The wild Flower, Forget me not."

MUSIC OF GREAT UTILITY IN CASE OF A FRAIL MEMORY.

The idea of this piece was taken from a jeu d' esprit in a very entertaining little work, entiled, "The Miniature Magazine."

[m] *They to the outcast mercy show.*

The reader has but to reflect on the merciful reception they gave the Refugees in the time of the French Revolution.

[n] *That's nothing else but old Mollbrook.*

Every one knows that *Mollbrook*, and *Malbrook* are corruptions of *Marlborough;* the tune alluded to (with a song) was composed by the French, at the time of the victorious achievements of the Duke of Marlborough in France; when they, unable to drive him away by their *arms*, sought to do it by their *voices*, in singing ridiculous songs, &c.; but the English Lion was never frighted by the crowing of the Gallic Cock.

[m]THE LAMENT OF THE OUTCAST.

After having sauntered for some hours in the delightful walks of Dean Park,* I sought shelter from a sudden summer shower in the porch of the deserted mansion. The hour spent here was not idly passed, for curiosity, that ever busy principle innate with us, prompted me to read the scraps written on the walls,

* Dean Park, Wingham, Kent, the seat of Sir Henry Oxenden, Bart. The mansion has not for several years been inhabited.

&c. of the porch, by the different visitors. Of these were, "some good, some bad, some neither one nor t'other." Among others, was one, the melancholy strain of which, so touched me, that, after having mused for some time on the wretched state of the poor forlorn who wrote it, I copied it into a blank leaf of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," which had been the companion of my walk; what a subject would this have been for him,—it was a string on which Henry could have harped, till he tuned the dull soul to sympathy.

"Here then have I passed a night—the outcast Edwin here has slept—where he shall next lay his head, that Heaven, whom he has offended, only knows.—Oh! my father—my mother—thy son is penitent—but cannot—knows not how to return.—The wide world is now his only home, 'tis all he claims, God can tell how freely he'd resign that claim.—Once more I wander forth—yon path—I go. Oh! reader, (if these lines should ever be read) I have sinned,—but if sorrow claim a tear, let the woes of Edwin meet with sympathy!"

I had some trouble in in copying it, as it was written on the seat with pencil, and had undoubtedly been there a long time. In several places it was almost illegible, being blotted, perhaps with tears. From this I took the idea of the piece, and having, in imagination, followed the poor Edwin to the romantic heights of St. Margaret's, there fixed the scene.

ALVAREZ AND ANNA.

The subject whence this ballad is taken, forms a part of the 9th Letter of a work, entitled "Letters from Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado."

FINIS.

G. WOOD, PRINTER, HIGH STREET, CANTERBURY.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–50*m*-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 371 931 7

PR
5193
Q38m
1825